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THE RED MAN

An Illustrated Magazine Printed by Indians

JUNE 1916

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A Ute Fiesta



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Published Monthly by THE CARLISLE INDIAN PRESS

Hymn to Labor

IS NOT the universe an immense workshop in which no man can be idle, in which the very least of us are doing our part in a mighty work, in which the machine goes on and turns out what it has made and is creating incessantly, whether it be simple fermentations or things that are of the utmost perfection? The fields ripe with harvest have been at work; forests are at work when the trees put forth their foliage; oceans, as they roll their waves from one continent to another, work; and worlds, borne by the rhythm of their gravitation through infinite space, are at work. There is not one being, not one thing in all the universe, that can be idle. Everything is impelled to work, is put to work, and is forced to do its part in the work common to all. Whatever does not do its work at once disappears, and is rejected as useless and superfluous. It must give place to what will work—to some worker who is indispensable. * * *

And how admirably can work regulate things; what order it creates wherever it reigns! It is peace and joy, as well as health. I am amazed when I see it despised, belittled, looked upon as a shame or as a punishment. * * * There is no such thing as happiness, unless we place it in the united happiness of perpetual, united labor. And that is why I wish that some one would preach to the world the religion of labor, and sing hosannas to labor, as a savior, the only true source of health, peace, and happiness.

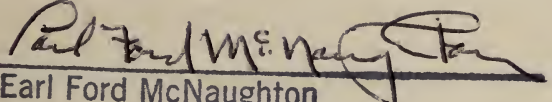
EMILE ZOLA



A magazine issued in the interest
of the Native American

Collection of Native North American Indian Books,
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thors and family heirloom books.

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Earl Ford McNaughton

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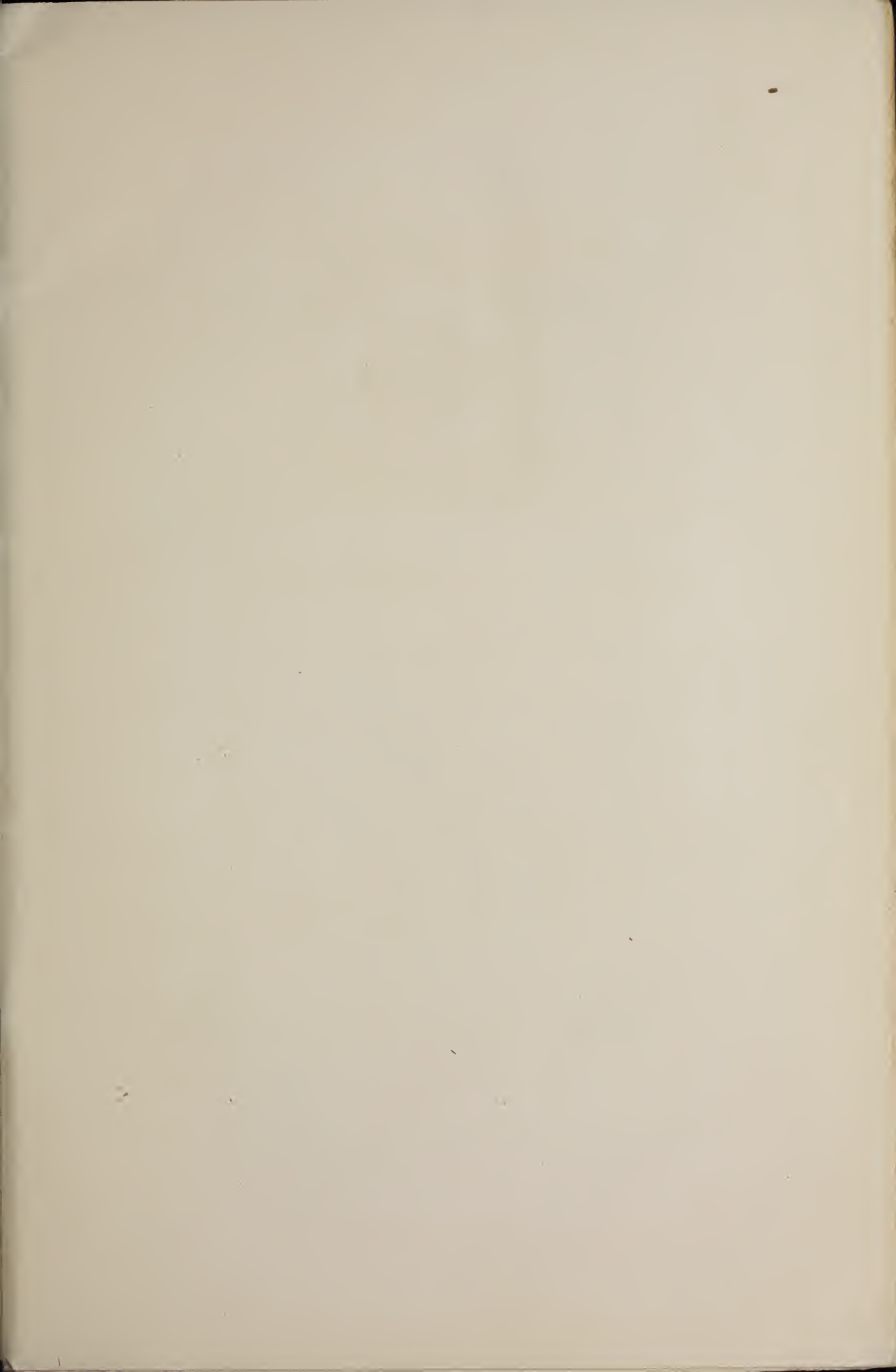
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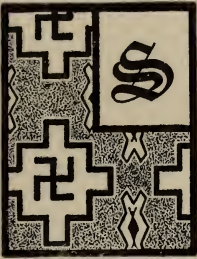


IROQUOIS WITH FALSE FACE AND CEREMONIAL RATTLE ILLUSTRATING
METHOD OF SCARING AWAY EVIL SPIRITS AND DISEASES



Sattelihu, or Andrew Montour:

By George P. Donehoo, D. D.



ATTELIHU, or Andrew Montour, as he is known in the history of Pennsylvania, was one of the most romantic figures in Indian history of the colonial period. From 1743 until his death he occupied a prominent place in all of the thrilling events in the struggle for the possession of the Ohio Valley. He was the oldest son of the famous Madame Montour, all of whose children became famous or infamous.

He first appears in the written records of history when he was met by Count Zinzendorf, in 1742, at the home of his mother at Otstonwakin, which was situated at the mouth of Loyal Sock Creek, at the site of the present Montoursville. Zinzendorf gives a very clearly drawn pen-picture of him. He says: "Andrew's cast of countenance is decidedly European, and had not his face been encircled with a broad band of paint, applied with bear's fat, I would certainly have taken him for one. He wore a brown broadcloth coat, a scarlet damasken lappel-waistcoat, breeches over which his shirt hung, a black Cordovan neckerchief, decked with silver bugles, shoes and stockings, and a hat. His ears were hung with pendants of brass and other wires plaited together like the handle of a basket. He was very cordial, but on addressing him in French, he, to my surprise, replied in English" (Memorials of the Moravian Church, 95-96). Such was the appearance of this man who was to have such a wonderful influence in the affairs of the province in the years to come. Whatever may have been his failings, he never wavered in his loyalty to the cause of the English during this period when France and Great Britain were both striving to gain the support of the Indians in the impending struggle for the possession of the continent. On account of his wonderful knowledge of the various Indian languages, as well as his ability to speak both French and English, he became invaluable as an interpreter to the colonial authorities.

His Mother, Madame Montour, appeared before the provincial council in 1727 as an interpreter for the chiefs of the Five Nations. She is called "a french Woman" in the minutes of this council. Andrew

Montour was presented to the provincial council by Conrad Weiser in 1748, "as a Person who might be of service to the Province in quality as an Indian Interpreter & Messenger, informing them that he had employed him in sundry affairs of Consequence & found him faithful, knowing & prudent." At this time Weiser says that Andrew was living among the Six Nations "between the branches of Ohio & Lake Erie" (Colonial Records, V. 290). Montour had been with Weiser on his journey to Onondaga in 1745 and had, no doubt, at that time shown his ability as an interpreter. He acted as the interpreter for the Miami and Shawnee at the council at Lancaster in 1748. From this time until after 1762 he acted as interpreter at nearly all of the councils held by the authorities of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and New York with the Six Nations, as well as those held with the "western Indians." In this work as interpreter and messenger for the English he was associated with Conrad Weiser, George Croghan, Christopher Gist, Scarouady (the "Half King"), and many other leading men of the period. In his later years he acted as one of the official interpreters for Sir William Johnson, of New York.

Like all of the Indians of the period he was a great wanderer, so far as his place of residence was concerned. In 1742 he was living on the West Branch at the home of his mother, at the site of the present Montoursville. After this he was living on the branches of the Ohio, probably on the Beaver River. Soon after 1749 he was living below Pittsburgh at the mouth of Chartiers Creek. In 1752 he was given a tract of land, in accordance with his request, "over the Blue Hills in Cumberland County." This tract was known as Montours Run, near its junction with Shearmans Creek, near Landisburg, Perry County. Previous to this time he had selected a tract in the Manor of Louthier, "at Canataqueany," which is a form of Conedoguinet. This tract was probably near George Croghan's in Pennsboro township. If Montour ever occupied this tract it was probably for a short time in 1748 or 1749. He received a number of tracts of land from the province, as remuneration for his service as interpreter and messenger. In December, 1761, he was given a warrant for 1,500 acres between Kishacoquillas Creek and the Jaunita River. Another tract, called Sharon, was given to him in 1767. This was situated at the head of Penn's Creek. In April, 1769, a tract of 300 acres on the south side of the Ohio River, opposite Neville's, or Montours' Island, including his improvement within this tract, was granted to him. This tract was given the name of Oughsaragoh, in honor of Montour's Iroquois name, which was Eghisara. In the fall of 1768 he had been given a tract of 880 acres at the site of Montoursville, Lycoming County. He disposed of these tracts, save the one on the Ohio, at various times. In the warrants for these lands he is

called Henry Montour, a name by which he was known in his later life. His son John Montour, known as Captain Montour, had been educated in Philadelphia, under the care of Provost Smith. He lived for a time on Montour's Island, below Fort Pitt, where he died about 1830. He was prominent in the various frontier wars and also in the Revolution.

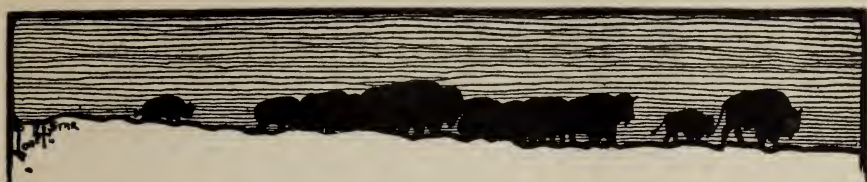
Andrew Montour was married two or three times. His first wife was a grand-daughter of Sassounan, or Allummapees, the leading chief of the Delaware Nation, who died at Shamokin. As the leading chief of the Turtle Clan he was by the English authorities called the "Delaware King." It is probable that Captain John Montour was a son of this first wife. In 1768 a deposition of "Catharine Mountor Wife of Andrew and also a Certificate signed by Henry Montour, who is also called Andrew Montour, the husband of the said Catharine, attested by Col. Croghan and Major Smallman" appears in the minutes of the Board of Property (Archives of Penna. Third Series, Vol. I. 240). In 1756 a number of Indians held a conference with Governor R. H. Morris at Philadelphia. In the minutes of this meeting it is stated: "They put Andrew Montour's children under his care, as well as the three that are here, to be independent of the Mother, as a Boy of twelve years old, that he had by a former wife, a Delaware, a Grand-Daughter of Al-lomipis. They added that he had a girl among the Delawares called Kayodaghscoony, or Matildelina, and desired that she might be distinguished, enquired after, and sent for, which was promised" (Colonial Records, VII, 95-96).

Andrew Montour was with the little army of Colonel George Washington when it was defeated at Fort Necessity by the French. He also accompanied the expedition of General Edward Braddock in 1755, and was present when the British army was defeated at the Battle of Monongahela. After this time he was at Shamokin (Sunbury), where he acted as a scout for the British. He was present soon after the capture of Fort Duquesne, by the army of General Forbes, in 1758. At the various important councils which were held at Fort Pitt in 1759 he acted as interpreter, being named in the records of these councils as Captain Henry Montour. He went on various important missions with George Croghan to the western Indians about Detroit, and during the conspiracy of Pontiac he served the British in various capacities. He met Colonel Henry Bouquet at Carlisle in May, 1763, giving him an account of the condition and attitudes of the Indians on the upper Susquehanna. He was present at the councils at Fort Pitt in 1768, and at Fort Stanwix in the fall of the same year, acting as interpreter. After this time there are very few notices concerning him in the archives of the State. His comings and goings were little noticed, so far as the records of the time are concerned. This, to the author, seems a very strange fact, as Andrew

Montour had occupied such a prominent position in all Indian affairs of the period. Isaac Craig says that he had always been told that Andrew Montour died and was buried at "Montour's Island," just below Pittsburgh, and says: "I am certain that the tradition must be true."

The life and work of Andrew Montour has never been given the credit which it deserves. It is doubtful whether Conrad Weiser and George Croghan could ever have met with their success in dealing with the Indians without the assistance of this "wise, prudent, and trustworthy" man. He took a most important part in all the historic actions of the province with the French and Indians during the entire period. His loyalty to the cause of the English never wavered, and although he was once charged with being friendly with the French interest, this charge was proven groundless. The name of "Montour" has been given such a bad reputation, through the doings of "Queen Esther," who has been called "the Fiend of Wyoming," that it is well to remember the faithful service of Satteliu, or Andrew Montour. Many men who have done far less for the cause of civilization have been honored by monuments of bronze and marble for what they have done. The ashes of Andrew Montour are resting in an unknown and unmarked grave somewhere on the shores of the "Beautiful River," which he helped to win for the Anglo-Saxon race.





Peyote Worship—An Indian Cult and a Powerful Drug:

By Gertrude Seymour, in The New York Survey.



THROUGHOUT northern Mexico and irregularly across the border into the Rio Grande valley grows an inconspicuous little cactus that for a decade has caused an amount of trouble quite out of proportion to its size. It is the root called by Indians "peyote," sometimes "mescal buttons." Spanish padres called it *raiz diabolica* or "devil's root." To botanists it is usually known as *Anhalonium Lewinii*. The term peyote is preferable, since a fiery intoxicant of Mexico, made from the agave or American aloe, bears the name mescal.

In Mexico, peyote has been of commercial and medical importance since long before the Spaniards came, and was included in the Mexican pharmacopoeia till 1842. It is now used ceremonially and medicinally among practically all the tribes between the Rio Grande and the Pacific, and up to the Dakotas and even to Wisconsin—Sioux, Cheyenne, and others. As one writer expressed it, "Peyote has become their religion and heartside; their physician and their corner drugstore—the preserver of their life."

And this is literally true. This cactus they use in an extraordinary variety of cases as medicine; it has become the center of a religious cult for which its worshipers have earnestly fought and are still fighting; it is an article of some importance in commerce. Against all pleas for its continuance in this three-fold role—medicine, deity, and trade—are opposed legislators, officials in the Indian Service, doctors, superintendents, matrons, teachers; also missionaries of every sect; scientific experimenters; and the testimony of several private investigators who have eaten peyote to see from their own experience what is this thing that the Indians claim as a special gift from heaven to their race.

PEYOTE is the Spanish form of the Aztec word *peyotl*, meaning a cocoon or caterpillar, in reference to a downy tuft which succeeds the white blossom appearing on the low, blunt top of the cactus, and showing "like fallen stars" upon the ground of its habitat.

A Spanish padre, Bernardino Sahagun (1499-1590), gives what is perhaps the earliest reference to peyote, and says that "those who eat it see visions either frightful or laughable." A century later, Dr. Francisco Hernandez (1514-1578), sent out by Philip II to survey the new land, spoke of it as reported harmful to both men and women. The slices of the peyote root were also called "sacred mushrooms," and even Hernandez did not at first recognize them as parts of a root.

The earliest ceremonial in Mexican form was the dance, which lasted from sunset to sunrise next morning. Padre Ortega said they drank the powerful peyote to keep from being exhausted by the prolonged exercise. The opposition of the earliest Spanish missionaries was doubtless based upon the intoxicating effect of the peyote cactus, as well as upon the religious element in its ceremonial. Aztec laws against intoxication were exceedingly severe, peyote being one of the intoxicants especially mentioned in a law of Montezuma's. Since, however, the Indian ceremonials soon borrowed from the Catholic ritual, and peyote was partaken of in form of the church's communion service, a more determined opposition arose. A small manual, prepared in 1760 for missionaries' use in the confessional, asks:

"Hast thou eaten human flesh? Hast thou eaten peyote?"

Among the Tarahumare Indians of northern Mexico, the chief ceremonial feature of the peyote worship—they called it *Hikuli*—was the dance, according to Lumholtz, who describes vividly every step from the solemn departure of the seekers each October on their forty days' journey to the highlands where the hikuli grows, to the exhaustion of dancing in the *tipi*, or ceremonial tent, at dawn. In the field, the Tarahumare found the hikuli by his sweet song: "I want to go to your country that you may sing your songs to me." Each variety of the hikuli was reverently gathered in silence and with sharp sticks, that he be not disturbed by harsh sounds or profaned by human touch.

When the company had assembled in the *tipi*, the leader pressed the rim of a gourd or bowl into the ground and then drew two diameters across the circle, thus making a symbol of the earth. At the intersection of the lines he placed a hikuli and covered it with the inverted bowl or gourd. Across the bowl he drew a notched stick back and fourth, making a rasping sound, "which hikuli loves and through which he manifests his strength." Women assisted in this ceremony, dancing sometimes simultaneously with the men, sometimes separately; they also prepared the feast that followed.

Following sooner or later upon the exhilaration came sleepiness and depression. One after another the worshipers besought hikuli to excuse them for a time, till perhaps only the leader would be left to continue the ceremony. At sunrise all roused. Hikuli was elaborately "waved

home," to the sun whence he came. Water was brought, purified and sprinkled over each one from the notched stick. Then they washed and partook of food.

From the Mexican Tarahumares the cult spread to the tribes in Arizona and Oklahoma. The chief contrast in the northern ceremonial is that in place of dancing, a mood of meditation and prayer prevails and long recitals are made of experience and vision. The needed stimulus of sound now comes from drums and rattles rather than from rasping of sticks.

Among the Kiowas and Pawnees are two striking observances. One is the midnight ceremony of water taking. At the witching hour, a member of the cult is dispatched for a bucket of water. Since he is thoroughly under the influence of peyote by this time, and there is every possibility that he may fall into the well or the brook, those remaining in the tent sing songs for his safety. On his return the water is purified by a cedar smudge and then passed for drinking, while the leader lectures sternly on temperance. In some tribes there is sprinkling first, as with "holy water;" hands are dipped freely into the pail, scooping up the water to be poured upon the head of the worshiper. Here native ingenuity or native idealism has evidently assimilated the missionaries' rite of baptism to the water-custom already existing to assuage the thirst resulting from the use of this dry and bitter cactus.

The other ceremony, the dawn song, shows in Indian symbolism the fundamentally religious attitude of all people in all ages towards the mystery of returning day. In the Pawnee peyote service, as the sun appears, the ritual is interrupted long enough to sing a special set of songs, and the curtain is raised so that the first rays of the sun may strike the altar. At the close of this special ceremony the ritual is resumed.

THE fullest recent description of a present-day ceremonial, based on information given by a peyote eater, is that published in 1915 by Professor Alanson Skinner in the *Anthropological Papers* of the American Museum of Natural History.

When all are placed, the chief orders that all "eat the peyote and think of Jesus and his goodness." When peyote is eaten, cedar leaves are burned on the altar, and all kneel and pray. Passing the leader's staff—representing the staff of the Saviour—is the next step. Each man holds it while he sings four songs, repeating each a second time. A sermon is followed by a public confession and testimony as to sins given up. There is further exhortation on topics of practical morality; more singing; more incense; and the staff is passed again. Dawn songs are followed by blessing the water and distributing it to all. A little

food and candy are given (candy is believed by some an antidote to the drug). Women go out to prepare the feast. Before their feast all must wash, the peyote chief carrying the water to show his humility, in reference, of course, to the scripture narrative of foot-washing. The feast is of most elaborate and costly food, and is said to cost sometimes fifty dollars or more.

To these services visitors are only occasionally admitted. Perhaps the first white man to attend a peyote ceremony was James Mooney of the Bureau of American Ethnology. Certainly he was the first to describe the ceremony, in 1891. In 1909, Mrs. Brabant, of the Indian Service at White Eagle, Okla., attended a Ponca service, and formally reported her experience in a letter to the local Indian agent. She writes:

"I found the mescal tent members were composed of the educated Ponca men, many women also being in attendance. The tents were always overcrowded and overheated with the large altar fire. Though the members were the educated young Indians long past the days of paint and feathers, they reverted to Indian toggery, painted their faces, bedecked themselves with feathers, and frequently wore a Catholic rosary in their hair. . . .

"I was informed by members that out of the 'bean' lying on the crescent-shaped altar in the center of the tent there would emerge the body of our Saviour, visible only in this form to those members who partook of sufficient number of beans to obtain this concession from the Deity. To the tune of weird songs and the continuous beating of the tom-tom was added the deadly narcotic influence of the beans, as all eyes remained intently fixed upon the altar.

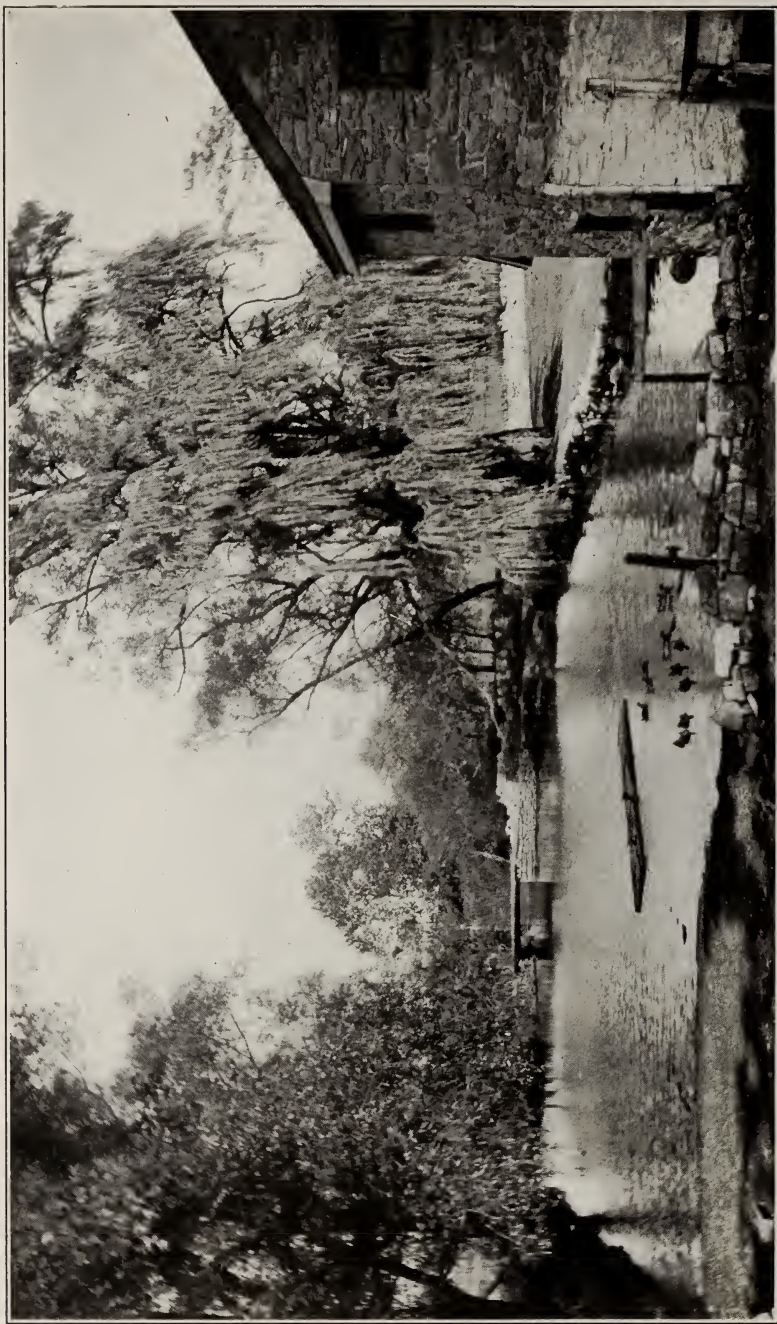
"Further investigation proves that the form is visible only to those who eat to the limit. . . . I find that the limitation is marked where nature rebels and nausea is beyond control."

Similar in effect are the proceedings reported in recent meetings among other tribes also. A youth of the Winnebago tribe, Harry Rave, whose own brother John is a peyote leader, "having twelve men under him as his apostles," ate thirty-six buttons one night. His experience he submitted in an affidavit, in which he stated:

"It made me feel kind of dizzy and my heart was kind of thumping and I felt like crying. . . . Some of them told me this was because of my sins. . . . I kind of see something like an image or vision, and when my eyes are open I can't see it so plain. I got very dizzy and I began to see all kinds of colors, and arrows began to fly around me. . . . I saw a big cat coming toward me and felt him just like a big tiger walking up on my leg towards me. . . . I heard an educated Indian and he said in a meeting on Sunday morning: 'My friends, we must organize a church and have it run like the Mormon church.' "



THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING OF THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL



THE OLD SPRING AT THE SCHOOL FARM

An Indian of the Arapaho tribe had been a gambler. On giving up the peyote, which he worshiped for sometime, he had a gruesome experience:

"All the time I sat and kept my eyes fixed on him (*i. e.*, the peyote button) where he was in the middle of the tepee. Then on the third day when I was watching him, I saw come out of him a great snake with maybe four, maybe five heads, I do not remember which. And the snake came right around me and I felt my hand, and the skin of it was snake skin, and all over my body my skin felt like snake skin, but I kept on watching mescal and then I saw a centipede come out of it, and I watched a long while, but never saw anything but this snake and centipede come out. . . . Then I told my friends that I was through with it."

OTHERS tell that animal passions are aroused; that at mescal feasts "many bad things are done;" that the "women seem to lose all their ashamedness," sometimes tearing their clothes and pulling out their hair. But whatever may be the experience locally or in individual cases, there is no evidence available that, as a cult, the peyote-eaters were originally given to immorality. In many places women are not admitted to the *tipi* except at sunrise bringing in the first food.

One of the claims made for peyote is that it overcomes the craving for whiskey. On this subject an Omaha peyote-eater wrote to Commissioner Sells thus:

"Those people who are opposed to our using peyote claim that it is the same as whiskey in its effect. But I know it is not because before I became a member of this society I drank much whiskey and I can testify that they are greatly different. When I was using the whiskey I was bad and knew not what good was."

But this is not a universal condition, apparently. A Ponca Indian writes this affidavit in a very different key:

"They say that if you eat this bean it will cure you from drinking whiskey. . . . I know that this is not true. . . . Most all mescal-eaters go off and get drunk occasionally. . . . I have been to Sioux City with many of the mescal or peyote society and got drunk with them. That is a common thing for them to do because I have seen them do it. I think that when they first start to use peyote they give up whiskey for a little while, but they soon want it again."

But peyote is called by some authorities "dry whiskey," and is said to overcome craving for liquor only as morphin or opium would—and with similar results.

The marked secondary effect of peyote, weariness and depression, are felt with only occasional exceptions. These would result, in the case of the Indian, in a permanent economic degeneration. On file in the Indian Office is a report from Superintendent Kneale of Nebraska listing male adults of the various religious organizations and indicating their degree of competency: of those in Christian organizations, 50 per cent and over were self-supporting; of those in medicine lodges, 15 per cent and over are self-supporting; and of those in mescal organizations, 21 per cent and over are self-supporting.

The late Walter C. Roe, missionary of the Reformed Church in Oklahoma for many years, noted also the results in unsteady nerves, a relaxed brain, and neglected homes and farms.

It is on these economic grounds that the petition of the Kickapoo Indians of Kansas to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs is based:

"We the undersigned members of the Kickapoo tribe of Indians in Kansas most earnestly petition you to help us keep out the peyote, or mescal, from our people. We realize that that is bad for Indians to indulge in that stuff. It makes them indolent, keeps them from working on their farms, and taking care of their stock. It makes men and women neglect their families. We think it will be a great calamity for our people to begin to use the stuff. . . . We most urgently petition you that immediate action be taken before the stuff gets hold of our people."

This petition, recorded in the Indian Office, has a long list of signatures or "marks."

CERTAIN grave physical effects of peyote have been noted. Dr. J. A. Murphy of the Indian Service, writes:

"It is a drug that is given indiscriminately and for all purposes in illness by the Indians without accurate measurements or doses, and any drug that has a narcotic effect, put into the hands of someone who does not know the ill result, is bound to have a bad effect on someone."

Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, a curator of the United States National Museum, says, concerning the effect of mescal:

"The effect of the 'button' manifests itself very largely in nervous stimulation and in cases of a larger dose in a sort of intoxication. These conditions, if repeated for a length of time, are bound not only to cause a permanent harm to the individual addicted to the mescal, but they also become a source of other abnormal conditions which I cannot well explain in a letter. The habitual use of mescal must be classed with the habitual use of drugs, such as morphin or cocain, though the substance is not as dangerous. The habit of mescal-chewing is easily acquired and has spread within recent years to an alarming extent."

It is said that children of mescal-eaters die in remarkably large numbers in their first year—a fact not difficult to understand when one reads that peyote tea is given to new-born babies; is poured into the ears of children as a cure for various ailments. From even government schools the children steal away to peyote meetings, and teachers say that such children “are incapable of study, even mentally deficient, for several succeeding days.”

“Its free and indiscriminate use among Indians,” writes an officer of the Indian Service, “is just as bad as if in one of your white public schools children were allowed to get the cocain or opium habit.”

When Lewin’s report was first issued, in 1888, much interest was roused in the new drug, and a brilliant future was predicted for it, especially in nervous and acute heart cases. But the firms that prepared it soon abandoned their undertaking, and the United States Dispensatory records “mescal buttons” as of doubtful value as a remedial agent.

Its chemical constituency was tested by the Bureau of Chemistry in 1908, and powerful alkaloids were discovered. The final verdict was: “We know of no drug producing similar effects the use of which is not harmful.”

After testing the action of peyote by taking some buttons himself, the late Dr. S. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia wrote:

“I predict a perilous reign of the mescal habit when this agent becomes obtainable. The temptation to call again the enchanting magic will be too much for some men to resist after they have set foot in this land of fairy colors, where there seems so much to charm and so little to excite or disgust.”

The Indians themselves are naturally somewhat inarticulate when they try to describe “this land of fairy colors.” The physical effects of the drug they can interpret more readily than the psychological. “This peyote we eat gives us a joyful feeling. It gives us a sensation that cannot be described,” said Joe Springer, mescal leader of the Iowas in Oklahoma. This is as definite a statement as can be found with the exception of the occasional hallucinations of snakes or arrows already referred to. The most brilliant account of the extraordinary physical effect is that by Havelock Ellis recorded in the *Therapeutic Gazette*. Dr. Ellis ate buttons himself, and also gave some to two friends, one an artist and one a poet, both of whom had vivid and somewhat uncomfortable reactions. His own report may be thus abstracted:

“I ate three buttons. The first symptom was a consciousness of energy and intellectual power. Then I felt faint and unsteady, and my pulse was low. I could read as I lay down, but found it easier to make my notes with pencil than with pen. I noticed a pale shadow over

what I read, and objects not in the line of vision tended to become obtrusive and clearly colored.

"The visions came, at first slowly, then very rapidly. . . . Thus was a vast field of golden jewels studded with red and crimson and green stones—a wonderful perfume—rare flowers and iridescent fibrous wings as of butterflies—then all became a hollow revolving vessel, lined with marvelous mother-of-pearl—profusion and variety of images—living arabesques. I had but little control over my mind when I tried to individualize them. . . . I saw them best in a dark room where was the play of firelight. . . . I turned on the gas—it became brilliant waves of light—shadows were flushed with green and violet. The next day I found my eyes sensitive to light and to blue and violet colors—indeed, ever since I have found myself more esthetically sensitive to delicate phenomena of light and shade and color."

On another occasion Dr. Ellis had someone play while he was under the influence of peyote, testing the power of music to create images. In no case did he know what was being played before he gave his report. Schumann's Prophet Bird caused a "vivid sensation of atmosphere and feathery forms." The Scheherezade gave visions of "floating white drapery and jewels."

Dr. Ellis concludes his report by saying, "That the habitual consumption of peyote in large amounts would be gravely injurious, I cannot doubt."

Experiments have been made also by psychiatrists in Kraepelin's clinic in Munich, and under the direction of Dr. R. P. Angier of the department of psychology of Yale. All these are reported more technically but to the same effect.

THE unquestionable reality and vividness of the experience recorded by trained observers should be transplanted in sympathetic imagination to the Indian groups of earlier days. It must be recalled how profoundly religious is the Indian; how vivid his idealizing and imaginative powers, how intimate is his communion with the life around him, in its plant manifestations as well as its animal. What wonder then that there developed about this strange little cactus that gave him such ecstasy of sensation and vision, the glamor of mystery and a worship like that recorded in the earlier experiences, the sincerity as well as the interest and strange beauty of the early peyote ceremonial?

Not less open to question, however, is the obvious degeneration of peyote worship. The younger ambitious Indians have seen in the position of mescal leadership an opportunity for personal and party prestige and have not hesitated to take it, for it is a matter of vision,

real or so-called. The cult itself is the result of a vision to a member of the Ponca tribe during the ecstasy of the ghost dance. All is vision. The leader may change the adornment of the *tipi*; he may introduce new songs or modify old ones; he may change the ritual, simply because he is the leader and claims that he has had "a vision."

It is interesting to note in this connection that Professor Alanson Skinner's description of the ghost dance in *Anthropological Papers*, refers to Springer, leader of the Iowas, as confessing that "he himself had never been in a trance of this nature, explaining, it is stated, that he had led too impure a life and that he was not a thorough believer." The ghost dance is apparently a ceremonial of pure ecstasy or hypnotism. Springer like others, finds it easier to lead when his claim has the assistance of a powerful drug.

Wide indeed is the chasm between the earlier religious interpretations of peyote, such as those given by the Tarahumeras, and certain petitions so-called received in the past few years by the Indian Office through local agents or brought by delegations of Indians who have come to Washington at their own expense to protect their "rights to worship." From one ardent peyote group comes this extraordinary document:

"Some pale faces who claim to be our friends are fighting our religion. They claim that the red man is using the peyote and mescal bean, and that the Indian prays to this bean instead of God and also claim that the use of the peyote is injurious to the red man in mind and body. But all of this is not true. It's these missionaries and some government officials who are making this complaint. . . . It's nothing but jealousy that the missionaries have against the Indians, since they can't drive the red people with an iron rod to join their churches. . . .

"Our enemies claim we use a tom-tom; that is true; that is the only kind of music the Great Spirit gave the red man. The white people have different kinds of music. The Salvation Army also use little drums; other churches use pianos, organs, and different kinds of music.

"They are with the Indian for the mighty dollar just the same as any one else. If they were not drawing a salary they would not be with us for just love. No."

Parallel with the rapid spread of peyote worship in the last decade has been a determined effort on the part of the officials of the Indian Service to secure accurate information as to the spread of this thing, to determine whether the Indians used peyote as a religious ceremony or as a habit-forming drug. As early as 1909, a detailed questionnaire was sent out from Washington to ascertain the number of worshipers, the events of the ceremony, and the physical consequence experienced by the worshipers.

Replies came back in uncertain tone from superintendents, doctors,

agents, matrons everywhere, who saw the "loss of sense of honor"; "the lowering of moral standards"; "the recruiting of most vicious characters" from the ranks of mescal worshipers, and who believed that the plea of religion was "a cloak for the indulgence of the drug."

As vivid and continuous as a story read the records of the Indian Office file,—the desire to be absolutely fair to the red man; to deprive him of no religious *rights*, yet to save him from the physical degeneration resulting from the indiscriminate use of a potent drug; above all, to find some legislative authority by which to enforce regulations deemed advisable, indicate an earnest attention to the growing problem that deserved earlier legislative recognition and support.

For years the only statute upon which the Indian Office could depend was the law of 1897 concerning the sale of intoxicants among the Indians. But action under this law depended upon a very broad interpretation; for "intoxication" has been generally interpreted by the courts to refer exclusively to the effects of alcoholic beverages.

A definite gain was made in 1915 when the Department of Agriculture secured the inclusion of peyote under the food and drug law. It is too early yet to be sure how effective this action has been. Those who are nearest to Indian interests believe that an amendment of the Harrison narcotic law would do the work. Such an amendment is now before Congress under the Thompson bill, which adds peyote to the list of drugs brought within the Harrison law. This bill has been favorably reported by the Committee on Finance and is on the Senate calendar.


A second bill yet more drastic has been introduced in the House by Congressman Gandy of South Dakota. Congressman Gandy has seen with his own eyes the effects of peyote among the Indians of his own State and elsewhere; and in unmistakable terms his bill aims to "prohibit the traffic of peyote."

It is interesting to note that a group of Yankton Indians of South Dakota sent, in March, a petition to Congress signed by ninety-two members requesting the passage of Congressman Gandy's bill. "We fully realize the importance of the passing of this bill," they write, "as it means the only and one way in which the traffic among the Indians can be successfully suppressed."

PEYOTE is a greater problem, however, than simply that of legislation. A distinguished student of anthropology said lately: "You must see this thing in its proper background. It is a psychological condition, this peyote worship, like several other similar institutions of recent revival among the Indians. The real trouble is the deadly vacuity of their lives."

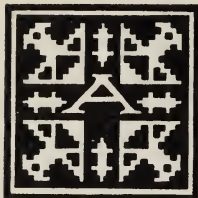
The importance of regulating peyote under the law of habit-forming drugs or under a special law is beyond question an immediate necessity; but even granting that physical and mental gain will follow the enforcement of such laws, the measure is but negative. The deep religious and idealistic nature of the Indian, his poetic impulse and esthetic appreciation cannot be satisfied with negations, cannot perhaps be "industrialized, cannot find complete satisfaction in schools and manual training or instruction in agriculture. The wider education that shall provide for philosophy and esthetic culture, as well as a religion—this, and not less, is involved in the problem of peyote—which is, after all, only a part of the whole problem of the Indian."





Pioneer Days in Iowa and Last Days of Black Hawk:

From the Rock Island (Ill.) Union.



PROPOS of Mr. Jordan's interesting recollections of Black Hawk, we publish the chief's war speech, which soon led to the "Black Hawk War." Whatever his motives, his address to his followers is eloquent and appeals to the present day sense of justice.

In the spring of 1830, Black Hawk and his band, after an unsuccessful hunt, came back, "to find their town almost completely shattered, many of the graves ploughed over, and the whites more abusive than ever," and encroaching more and more upon the lands at the mouth of Rock River. Things went from bad to worse, when in the spring of 1831, Black Hawk was officially informed of the order from Washington for him to go to the west side of the Mississippi. It was then, according to Galland's "Iowa Emigrant" that Black Hawk gathered his band around him and made this speech, which is characteristic of the man, and seems to fully state his view of his grievances:

"*Warriors:* Sixty summers or more have gone since our fathers sat down here, and our mothers erected their lodges on this spot. On these pastures our horses have fattened; our wives and daughters have cultivated the cornfields, and planted beans and melons and squashes; from these rivers our young men have obtained an abundance of fish. Here, too, you have been protected from your old enemy, the Sioux, by the mighty Mississippi. And here are the homes of our warriors and chiefs and orators. But alas! What do I hear? The birds that have long gladdened these groves with their melody now sing a melancholy song! They say, "The red man must leave his home to make room for the white man. The Long Knives want it for their speculation and greed. They want to live in our houses, plant corn in our fields, and plough up our graves. They want to fatten their hogs on our dead, not yet mouldered in their graves! We are ordered to move to the west bank of the Mississippi; there to erect other houses, and open new fields, of which we shall soon be robbed again by these pale faces! They tell us that our great father, the chief of the Long Knives, has commanded us, his red children, to give this, our greatest town, our greatest graveyard, and our best home, to his white children! I do not believe it. It cannot be true; it is impossible that so great a chief should compel us to seek new homes, and prepare new cornfields, and that, too, in a country where our women and children will be in danger of being murdered by our enemies. No! No! Our great father, the chief of the Long Knives, will never do this.

"I have heard these silly tales for seven winters, that we were to be driven from our homes. You know we offered the Long Knives a large tract of country, abounding with lead, on the west side of the Mississippi, if they would relinquish their claim to this little spot. We will therefore repair our homes which the pale face vagabonds have torn down, and if these white intruders annoy us, we will tell them to depart. We will offer them no violence, except in self-defense. We will not kill their cattle or destroy any of their property, but their scutch wapo (whiskey) we will search for and destroy, throwing it out upon the earth wherever we find it. We have asked permission of the intruders to cultivate our own fields, around which they have erected wooden walls. They refuse and forbid us the privilege of climbing over. We will throw down these walls, and as the pale-faces seem unwilling to live in the community with us, let them, and not us, depart. The land is ours, not theirs. We inherited it from our fathers; we have never sold it. If some drunken dogs of our people sold land they did not own, our rights remain. We have no chiefs who are authorized to sell our cornfields, our homes, or bones of our dead. The great chief of the Long Knives, I believe, is too wise and good to approve acts of robbery and injustice, though I have found true the statement of my British friends in Canada that the Long Knives will always claim the land where they are permitted to make a track with their foot, or mark a tree. I will not, however, believe that the great chief, who is pleased to call himself our 'Father,' will send his warriors against his children for no other cause than contending to cultivate their own fields, and occupy their own houses. No! I will not believe it until I see his army. Not until then will I forsake the graves of my ancestors, and the home of my youth!"

In his biography, Black Hawk also complains, doubtless with truth, that the white people had brought whiskey into the villages and cheated the Indians without mercy. He says that in the case of one man who continued this "fraudulent practice" openly, he took some of his young braves, went to the man's house, and broke in the head of his whiskey barrel.

At length, confronted with General Gaines, in command of several hundred regulars, and 1,600 Illinois volunteers under Governor John Reynolds, Black Hawk crossed over to the west side of the Mississippi River, signed another treaty, agreeing never again to go on the east side without the permission of the Government, and as it was then too late to raise a crop he and his followers spent the remainder of the season wandering about, brooding over their wrongs. The following winter he was engaged in making up his war party, much of the time being spent about Fort Madison, and much of the time in Louisa County. The Black Hawk war, like many other notable things, undoubtedly had its beginning in this county.



Alaskan Indians Make Marvelous Progress Under Father Duncan:

By Frank G. Carpenter, in Minneapolis Tribune.

Frank Carpenter visits the ancient priest whose life has been devoted to teaching and civilizing Uncle Sam's wards in the Far North.—He tells of the Tsimpseans and their cannibal feasts; how they tried to kill Father Duncan and how he civilized them.—The Metlakahlans of today, their aspirations for the higher education and citizenship.—A description of their town.



ANNETTE Island, Alaska.—I have come to Annette Island to visit Metlakahla. This is the seat of the Indian colony brought here from British Columbia by Father Duncan, now almost thirty years ago. Every one has heard of Father Duncan's wonderful work with the Indians. He is now 84 years of age and is still strong and full of vigor. He is sometimes called the apostle of Alaska, and his work with these Indians gives him a right to the title. Mr. Duncan began life as a commercial traveler in England, and at 21 he was well on his way toward a salary of \$5,000 a year. He was naturally religious and he decided to give up his work and become a missionary. He went to college expecting to be sent to India, but instead he was ordered to go to the western coast of British Columbia to work with a tribe of Indians known as the Tsimpsen.

To Work Among the Cannibals.

THESE Tsimpsen Indians were then among the most barbarous of any on the North American continent. They believed in witch doctors and were given over to cannibalism. They were hunters and fishers and clothed themselves in the skin of bears and wolves. They had wierd dances, during which they wore the skulls of bears on their heads. They had medicine men who wore masks and who tried to frighten off disease with hideous noises. If the demon of disease did not leave, the witch doctors would hack away the sore places on the body of the patient with their knives, or suck or burn away the ailing flesh. They pointed out children and others as possessed of evil spirits and as being witches, and in such cases the tribe felt they must kill those so afflicted.

The Indians had also curious customs regarding the treatment of their women. Young girls approaching womanhood were confined far

away in isolated cabins, and when brought back were supposed to have dropped down from the moon and to be ready for marriage. On such occasions there was great feasting, and the youths of the tribes were initiated into dog eating, cannibalism, and, devil dancing. The Indians believed in spirits, and they had certain theories as to the transmigration of souls. On the whole, they were on a very low scale of civilization.

Threatened With Being Eaten.

WHEN Father Duncan arrived in Victoria on his way to this work he was told that if he went on to the Indians he would surely be killed. The man who gave him the warning was the head of the Hudson's Bay Company, who, when Duncan still insisted, said: "Well, my good man, if you are to be killed and eaten I suppose you are the one most interested, and we shall have to let you do as you wish."

With this permission, Father Duncan was allowed to go to Fort Simpson, not far from Prince Rupert, and he there began work. The story of how he narrowly escaped being murdered and how he gradually worked his way into the confidence of the savages I shall tell later as he gave it to me during my stay.

Brass Bands for the Indian.

IT is enough here to say that he converted eight or nine of these tribes to the Christian religion and made them about the most law-abiding and civilized people of the Indian race. They had their own council and they governed themselves. They had their own boats and they established a canning factory and put up salmon for shipment. They learned to make ropes and brushes, to weave and to spin. Mr. Duncan went to England and brought back musical instruments and they established a brass band. They had a schoolhouse and a church with an organ, which they were able to play. They had their market house, their shops, their carpenters, tinnerns, coopers, and other mechanics. They kept the Sabbath and led moral lives. What has taken ages to accomplish with other peoples these Indians, under Father Duncan, accomplished in less than thirty years.

Asks to Bring Indian Tribe into U. S. Territory.

IT was about this time that the Church of England began to meddle with Father Duncan's experiments, sending over a bishop to rule over him and the Indians. Father Duncan found that his work was being undone, and he then asked the United States to allow his Indians to settle on our territory. That was in 1887. The matter was much agitated in the United States. Father Duncan was supported by Henry Ward Beecher, Phillips Brooks and others, and through their efforts a territory was allotted to him and his Indians on the north-western side of this island. They came in August and the first thing

they did was to erect a flagpole and hoist the Stars and Stripes. They next had speeches by the Hon. H. R. Dawson, the United States commissioner of education, and by Father Duncan, and later on divine service, consisting of song and praise in the Tsimpsean language.

Annette Island Set Aside for Them.

THE next day a sawmill was unloaded, and the people began at once to clear the forests and erect the buildings for their new homes. They built a cannery and year by year added to their structures until they had a town hall, a great church, a schoolhouse, a store, a public library and the other buildings necessary to an intelligent Christian and civilized community. They put up comfortable homes with gardens of vegetables and flowers, and, in short, established the most advanced native community in the western part of the North American continent.

The settlement was called the New Metlakahtla and since then the Indians have been known as the Metlakahtlans. In 1891, Annette Island was set aside by Congress as a reservation for them and it was provided that it should be used by them in common under such rules and regulations as might be prescribed by the Secretary of the Interior.

Beauties of the Island.

I WISH I could show you Annette Island. It is one of the most beautiful parts of southeastern Alaska. It is fifteen miles long and ten miles wide and is formed by a long mountain on the backbone of which are a number of beautiful lakes. The mountain is wooded and it assumes a purple tinge under the cloudy sky. About Port Chester the land slopes gently down to the sea. Here the trees have been cut away and a few hundred acres have been cleared and divided up into town lots for the buildings. At the left as you come into the harbor you see a silvery cascade tumbling down the slope of the mountain. It comes from Lake Chester, a short distance inland and at an elevation of 850 feet above the sea.

The most conspicuous building in the town is a great white frame structure with two towers. This is the Westminster Abbey of Metlakahtla. It is Father Duncan's church and was built by the Indians at a cost of \$12,000. It is the largest church in Alaska, and will comfortably seat 500 people.

Building Painted in Colors of Flag.

ON the left of the government school recently erected by the United States, and still farther away is Father Duncan's guest house, his office, his school and the great store which he built to supply the needs of the people.

Right at the dock is a salmon cannery which has at times been a

very profitable undertaking, giving work to all the people and bringing in a great deal to the colony. Its capacity is about a million cans of salmon per annum, and connected with it is a box-making establishment where are made the 20,000 cases or boxes used for shipping the fish. At times as many as 10,000 salmon have been handled in a single day, and altogether a great many million cans have been shipped to the markets.

One of the striking buildings of the new Metlakahtla is the library and jail. This is painted in the colors of the American flag.

The first story is bright red; it is the jail. The second story is snow white; it is the library. The cupola on the top is bright blue.

Perennial Green Prevails.

CLOSE to the beach and running back from it toward these public buildings are the homes of the people. They are several hundred in number, and they were all built by the Indians and with money which they had earned in connection with Father Duncan. The houses are cottages of one and two stories. They have glass windows, porches and comfortable surroundings. Each has a lot about 80 feet front and 90 feet deep and each faces upon one of the wide board walks that form the highway and streets of the settlement. Each house has its garden. Some have patches of potatoes, others have flowers of various colors. Wherever there is an uncultivated spot salmonberry and elderberry bushes and fireweed have grown to the height of your waist. The whole country about is clad in perennial green.

Landing I walked from the wharf over the long board walk to the office of Father Duncan. He has one building which is his combined study and home. It is one of the plainest of the whole settlement, and is small in comparison with the 12-room guest house nearby, which he has put up for those who come to see him and his flock. I knocked on the door, and a moment later Father Duncan stood before me.

I had expected to meet a giant with a figure and face that might have recalled Abraham or Moses. Instead I saw a short, stocky, roughly clad little old man. Father Duncan is less than medium height, and he weighs no more than 150 pounds. He has a large head, a bit bald at the crown, but beyond that thatched with silvery white hair. His face is as rosy as that of a baby when exposed to the winds of the winter, and his eyes are as blue as the skies that cover his island. He has a heavy white beard, and his face is a benediction. His eyes radiate kindness, and I was impressed with his sincerity and his honesty. As I looked at him I could not realize that he was 84 years of age, and when he spoke his voice was like that of a man in his prime.

Remember When Human Flesh Was Eaten.

OUR first talk was about the Indians as he found them when he came to British Columbia. The old man's eyes flashed as he told of his fights with the officers of the Hudson Bay Company, and they grew sad as he spoke of the savages. I asked him whether the Indians were really cannibals when he found them, and whether he had actually seen them eating each other. He replied that he had seen a woman killed, and had seen the savages eating a boy who had died on the beach. That was almost sixty years ago. He tells me that many of the tribes along the coast of British Columbia at that time were cannibals, and that there were other cannibals north and south of the Tsimpseans among whom he worked. Some of the tribes were more addicted to the eating of human flesh than others. Cannibalism was a part of their religion, and was connected with the rites of their medicine men.

Upon my asking him as to the people he had seen eaten, he first cited the case of the woman referred to above. He said:

"I had heard of the cannibalism, and one day an officer of the fort ran into my house and told me the Indians were about to kill one of their women. He warned me to keep in and said that I would surely be killed if I attempted to interfere. A moment later another man rushed in and said that the woman had already been killed. We went out to the beach where the crowd of Indians were. They were divided into two bands, each led by a brave who was stark naked. All were howling horribly. They had killed a woman and cut her in half and each of the nude Indian leaders was carrying his half of the woman in his teeth. As we came up the bands separated and each gathered around his leader. They were so crowded together that I could not see. They sat down in two great bunches on the sand. When they got up not a vestige of the woman was to be seen. What became of the flesh I do not know, but I was told it was eaten, and that all had engaged in the feast.

Flesh Eaten Uncooked.

"DO you mean to say that they eat the flesh without cooking it?" "Yes, they must have eaten it raw, for, as I say, the woman disappeared. They may have buried the bones in the sand. I doubt, however, whether the flesh agreed with them, for the officers of the Hudson Bay Company fort nearby told me that it was the custom of the Indians after such cannibal feasts to come into the post the day following and buy large quantities of epsom salts."

"You spoke of seeing a boy killed, Father Duncan?"

"No, I did not see him killed. The boy died of consumption. His body was laid out upon the beach and it was there eaten by the people."

Attempt to Murder Doctor Duncan.

AT another point in the conversation I asked Dr. Duncan about some of the attempts made to kill him. He described them most graphically, and as he talked I could see that he was again living over the past. He rose to his feet and acted the story, his eyes flashing and his arms waving gestures. He told me how one of the chiefs, tried to close his school, being incited, as Father Duncan thought, by the officers of the Hudson Bay Company, who wanted to get rid of him. In one such case a chief demanded that Father Duncan close the school because his beautiful daughter was just about to drop down from the moon to be married. The chief said that she had gone away and would come back in great state. She would drop from the moon into the sea and would rise out of the water with a bearskin over her shoulders and thus appear to the people. At this time there would be many ceremonies that would prevent the school being held.

He Kept the School Open.

SAID Father Duncan: "I refused to stop the school. The Indians threatened to kill me, but I kept the school open. Then they begged me to give up the school just one week prior to the young lady's drop from the moon. I told them that she might fall, but that the school would go on. They then wanted me to stop for a day, but I refused and would make no compromise with their superstition. On the day before the event was to occur two men came to kill me. They had knives and they were about to jump upon me when they saw my teacher, an Indian who has taught me the language, standing behind me. The teacher had a pistol under his blanket, and thus bulged out in such a way that the Indians knew it and realized that they would be shot if they stabbed me. You see, the Indian never works in the open. If he shoots it is usually through his blanket concealing his gun. Well, to make a long story short, they gave up their design and afterwards one of them came back and tried to prove to me that he was a good man."

Exhortation to the Tribe.

IT was from such material as this that Dr. Duncan created the civilized community of the Metlakahtla of the present. The community has its own preachers and its own public speakers. Some of the sermons, in the Tsimpsean language, are full of eloquence and beauty. Here, for instance, is one urging the people to believe that the Saviour will take care of them:

"Brethren and sisters: You know the eagle and its ways. The eagle flies high. The eagle rests high. It always rests on the highest branch of the highest tree. We should be like the eagle. We should rest on

the highest branch of the highest tree. That branch is Jesus Christ. When we rest on Him all our enemies will be below and far beneath us."

Another preacher who had formerly been vicious and high tempered speaking of himself, said:

"I will tell you what I feel myself to be. I am like a bundle of weeds floating down the stream. I was going down with all my sin, like the weeds, covered with earth and filth; but I came to the rapids, when lo! there was a pole stuck fast and firm in the rock, and I clutched at the pole, and there I am now. The stream is passing by and washing away my filth. Christ to me is the pole. I hold to Him and am safe."

I might cite other quotations to show the civilization, intelligence and piety of the Metlakahtlans. They are far above the average of their race and they are now aspiring to a higher education and to full United States citizenship in which they shall own their land in severalty. It is in connection with this that the Government has established here the large public school of which I have spoken, and it is also giving them greater voice in their own government and in the administration of their own business. Much of this has been done in opposition to and against Father Duncan, who thinks the Indians should be treated more like children, and that their education should be almost altogether a religious and industrial one. There is a division of opinion among the Metlakahtlans as to which theory is the right one, and the friction at present existing is not good for the community. Everyone will concede that a great deal of consideration should be shown Father Duncan, and it is hoped that the matter can be so handled as to give the Indians all civic rights and the best of educational facilities without destroying the Christian spirit of brotherly love that has existed between them and Father Duncan from the beginning.

Lord's Prayer in Tsimpsean.

I close my letter with the Lord's prayer in Tsimpsean:

"Wee-Nahgwah-dum koo tsim lachab-gah, Nclootiksh ah Noolwahnt. Shaha-ksheah ntsabbany. Shah-koad-kan tum wahl ab helletsohamee. Ne-wahitsh tsim lachah-gah. Kinnam klahgam ab chah quah ahm shkabboo wenayah. Kamkoadan ah naht-ahtackamee, new-ahl-dah dee willah ham hoadamum ah haht-ach-ah-deah gam; Killohmdzah tahtaink umt shpiet t'in shpahlt koad-umt; addah mah al tillahmantkum ah haht-achahdat; Ahwill n 'tsabbaniat, ad-dab nahkat kettandat, tilth n'cloudant, addah tum clah-willah wahl. Amen."



SCENES AROUND HISTORIC CARLISLE



Site of Fort Louthier, Carlisle, Down which Street Countless Feather-crested Warriors Stamped, and over which hurried the Highlanders of Bouquet to the Relief of Fort Pitt.



The Old Bridge over the Conedogwinet, on the Road Leading to Forty Shillings Gap, on the Trail Westward and Southward.

SCENES AROUND HISTORIC CARLISLE



Looking down the Conedogwinet, the Kittatiny Mountains in the Distance.—Near Old Fording Place on the Trail



Where the Trail winds Northward along the Potomac to Join the Trail near Chambersburg.

The Indians as Gardeners:

By *P. J. Powell, in Country Life in America.*



WE HAVE never given anything like due credit to our predecessors as farmers. They were very successful as gardeners and orchardists, and they solved some of the most difficult problems before we got here. Unfortunately they never explained them to us, and we have blindly attributed to nature some grand bits of evolution that we have inherited, but that must have taken these dusky people thousands of years to work out. Our corn is aptly called Indian corn, not so much because it was fed to our early colonists, but because created by our hosts out of grasses. Our twelve and fourteen foot cornstalk is in reality an envolved grass spire, and originally was nothing else but a Central American grass. How the change was brought about or whether much of it was by accident, we cannot tell, but it is quite certain that the changes involved had a good deal of human oversight. It need not tax our credulity at all to imagine a race that involves students and very accurate experimenters along this line.

While living in Clinton, among other experiments, I undertook to carry corn back, stage by stage, that is by reverted evolution, to see what it would turn out to be at the origin. I selected little ears, that all corn growers know occasionally occur normally at the tip of the stock; in connection with the blossom. I planted the corn from these nubbins, selecting again the next year for the same purpose, and always taking the smallest kernels from the smallest ears. Moving backward year by year by selecting the weakest and smallest, in about four years I had a row of corn standing four feet high, with all the ears at the top, small at that, but heavy enough to bend the small stalks on which they were borne quite to the ground.

Still selecting the feeblest envolved, the stalks became weaker each year, and in the course of four more years I had rows of Indian corn that could scarcely be distinguished from rows of thimothy grass, while the seeds did not exceed in size small kernels of rice. I have no record of the exact number of years that the experiment required, but it was very near ten. I had the pleasure of showing the result to U. S. Entomologist, C. V. Riley; but alas, the whole crop was hung where mice got at it and devoured every kernel. I should like go over this experiment again, but am too old to repeat it.

It not only demonstrated the origin and nature of Indian corn, but illustrated the process that has carried the grass upward and onward, till the seed became too heavy for the tops of the stalks, and nature stored them in the leaf socket. Meanwhile the leaves grew broader and the stalks higher, and a magnificent forage plant was created. Indian corn is really king of the Western continent, if not of the whole world. We

have done nothing as white men in this evolution except to multiply varieties, still increasing the stalk for cattle and the ear for human food. Even the sweet corn, which constitutes such a prominent feature of our gardens, was given to us by some Massachusetts Indians. We do not have on record how very widely this was known among the nations that preceded us. The Massasoits at least had it; and the Mayas also had it as a black corn. We are now crossing and recrossing these white and yellow and black sorts, but I do not believe that we have a sweeter corn than the Mexican black.

The squash and the pumpkin came to us from the Indians, in a highly developed condition. The first improvement by white men did not carry this gourd very far forward until about the middle of the last century. Then from some quarters we had in our gardens the Governor squash named after Governor Bouck, and greatly pleasing the best gardeners. Not long after we got two or three more advances, and then the famous Hubbard, which we owe to the Gregorys, for their zeal in distribution. This has been crossed and recrossed and in all ways turned over, but there it is as good a squash as the world shall hold. The work done by Indians was more along the line of gourds for dippers, etc.

It was my fortune to be born in the shadows of the first apple orchard planted by white men west of Albany. This orchard, however, was due to the work of Sconondo, the Oneida chieftian, quite as much as to Dominie Kirkland, his friend and missionary to the Oneidas. Together they had planted apple seeds at the foot of College Hill (Hamilton College, not then in existence). The orchards planted from this nursery became ultimately three, containing of course only seedlings. But the owners grafted many of the trees into New England sorts. I remember well the glorious scarlet of the Spitzenburgs with which my father had by grafting covered forty or fifty trees. Sconondo and Kirkland were both buried in this orchard. Three trees still stand in this orchard, and continue to bear fruit. I believe a few still remain in one of the other orchards.

Meanwhile the other tribes of this Iroquois nation had planted orchards all through the valleys as far as Niagara. When their power was exercised very much to our injury during the Revolutionary War, General Sullivan was sent to cut down their orchards and destroy their corn fields, as the best method of neutralizing their strength. He razed orchards containing from 1,500 to 2,000 trees each. Corn and apples both gone and their gardens generally torn up, the whole nation was maddened, and in their fury they rushed to final destruction. These apple trees did not stand in rows as in our orchards, but in groves, very much as oranges were planted in groves, when first grown in Florida. We always speak of orange "groves" to the present day, but the Yankee soon had his apples in straight rows for easy cultivation. Orchard, bear in mind, is old English for ort-yard or wort-yard, that is herb-yard

or garden; very much as garden is originally yard-in instead of garden.

Some of the Indian orchards did not come under the orders given to Sullivan to destroy, notably those that were owned by the Oneidas and by the Brother towns—that is the sixth tribe of the Confederation. Whether they brought their seed from the Carolinas and Virginia, or got them of New Englanders, I do not know, but they had orchards containing hundreds of trees, and many of these seedlings were of exceedingly good quality. One apple called the Indian Rareripec is still grown about central New York. It is a large, beautiful apple, ripening in September, and cracking open when dead ripe. The quality is quite above medium, but not good enough to compete with some of our best autumn fruits, such as Shiiawassie Beauty, Autumn Strawberry, and McIntosh. Still I should like very much an annual plate of this old Indian apple. The fact is, a good many sorts that were worthy of perpetuation were allowed to die out of these old orchards. A good horticulturist can never think of the losses to the world of this sort without grief.

I do not think the Indians cultivated wild grapes or berries to any extent. These were everywhere, intercrossing, and there really was no incentive for special work. Out of these wild grapes came the Delaware, from Ohio, at a later date, and it is not improbable that the Indians had more or less of these choice sports around their villages. As for nuts, the Iroquois planted great groves of butternuts, chestnuts, and varieties of hickory. The Council Grove of the Oneidas still remains, or did a few years ago. It was a splendid collection of butternut trees. In the South the Cherokee nation in all its branches were nut growers, and the Seminoles had several of our fruits about their homes. They were cultivating some branches of the citrus fruits before the Spaniards came into this country. I am not counting into this estimate the Mexican and Mayas of Yucatan. These tribes are known to have been skilled agriculturists. The cliffdwellers had their gardens.

In their normal state the Indian nations had their arts of peace as clearly developed as their arts of war; nor was agriculture confined to women among the Cherokees or the Iroquois or the Sioux. After the Oneida tribe had moved westward leaving, in central New York only a handful of its members, I frequently hired some of these in my gardens. My chief difficulty with Solomon John and others was that they would steal my choicest plants. These were taken to their homes, several miles away, and zealously cultivated. This implied a good deal of instinct for agriculture and horticulture. There is a general mistake encouraged as to the arts of the ort-yard or the orchard being left wholly to women. The state of warfare into which the whole continent was plunged soon after our struggle to possess the land, developed the race abnormally from every approach. The history of their civilization can never be fairly written.

Fort Hall Indian Reservation Irrigation Project and Farming:

By Richard J. Ward, Superintendent of Irrigation.



THE Fort Hall irrigation project is located in Bingham and Bannock counties, Idaho, in townships three, four, five and six south; ranges 33, 34, and 35 east of the Boise meridian. The project covers 50,000 acres of land, 38,000 of which are Indian lands on the Fort Hall reservation and 12,000 acres, white lands, located on the ceded tract between the city of Pocatello and the reservation line on the north.

The project obtains its water from two sources, 30,000 inches from the Snake river and the stored flood waters of the Blackfoot river.

The delivery of the Snake river water is controlled by a set of concrete headgates located at a point about one and a half miles west of Shelly, Idaho. These gates are five in number and are five feet wide and eight feet high and will deliver 600 cubic feet per second. The water is carried by the Idaho canal to the Blackfoot river to a point about four miles above the Blackfoot diversion. This canal is 30 feet wide on the bottom and has banks six feet high built on a slope of 2:1. This canal has an average grade of 0.03 feet per 100 feet.

There are but four structures on the Idaho canal owned by the government, though it is crossed by numerous bridges, flumes, syphons, etc., owned by canal companies and individuals. The government-owned structures are the headgates, a rating flume, sand creek waste gates, and a double barrel steel flume over the Eastern Idaho canal. A concrete rating section is built about 1,000 feet below the headgates and is used for the purpose of gaging the canal in accordance with the requirements of the state water commissioner.

The Sand creek waste gates are used to control the flood waters of Sand creek, which discharges through the Idaho canal. These gates are built of concrete with steel shutters. It is the present intention of the government to place a syphon under Sand creek and do away with these gates, as Sand creek is being used as a waste-way for irrigation water by the various irrigation districts in the upper valley and the government cannot successfully cope with the situation owing to the variable head coming down the creek.

The Idaho canal crosses over the Eastern Idaho canal by means of a double channel Maginnis steel flume, which has a concrete inlet and outlet and is supported on concrete piers.

The flood waters of the Blackfoot river are stored by means of a dam and reservoir located about 47 miles southeast of Blackfoot. The dam is of the loose rock and hydraulic filled type and is located near the center of section 12, township 5 south, range 40 east, where the Blackfoot river enters a basalt canyon. Above this point for about 16 miles the river has an average fall of eight inches to the mile and the reservoir when full creates a lake 17 miles in length and $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles across at its widest point.

The dam at the base from shore to shore of the old channel has a length of 120 feet, and at the crest a length of 250 feet. The elevation of the crest is 40 feet above the bed of the river. The rock filled portion has a top width of 5 feet, the lower face of which is built on a slope of $1:1\frac{1}{4}$, and the upper face on a slope of 1:1.

A basalt bed rock was found at a depth of 3 feet below the bottom and extended entirely across the stream, rising quite abruptly at each end of the dam to about 60 feet at the north end and 70 feet at the south end.

A trench was excavated to a depth of 4 feet into this rock and a concrete cut-off wall built across the main channel and carried up the sides to the elevation of the bottom of the spillway.

The hydraulic fill has a top width of 10 feet, sloping 1:3. The material for this fill was found at the north end of the dam, overlying the lava rock to a depth of from 5 to 15 feet, and was sluiced into place with water pumped from the river and delivered through a two-inch nozzle. The face of the fill was paved to a depth of 18 inches and on this was spread a layer of disintegrated rock and soil.

At the south end of the dam a tunnel was excavated through the basalt for a distance of 200 feet with open cut at each end. The floor of this tunnel is on the level with the bottom of the river and has a cross section of 9x10 feet. The tunnel is lined throughout with concrete and the flow is controlled by two coffin gates in addition to which an emergency gate has been installed 15 feet in front of the main gates.

At the north end of the dam a spill-way was excavated through the rock, having a width of 50 feet and a depth at the axis of the dam of 9.35 feet and at the lip of 8 feet.

At the elevation of the spill-way the reservoir covers 15,000 acres and has a capacity of about 200,000 acre feet. The drainage area of the watersheds into the reservoir is about 666 square miles. The elevation of the water in the reservoir at the present time is about that of the river owing to the strong draught made upon it this past season. It is interesting to note that the Blackfoot dam which is but 40 feet in height does practically as much work as the famous Arrowrock dam, which is the highest in the world. The storage of the Blackfoot reservoir is but a few thousand acre feet less than the Arrowrock storage.

The water from the reservoir is carried 50 miles by the Blackfoot river, to a point about two miles east of Blackfoot, where the upper canal diversion is located. A second diversion is made at a point about a mile further down the river where the lower canal headgates are located. Both of these diversions are made by means of loose rock dams, and are controlled by concrete headgates and spill-ways.

The upper canal headgates are made of concrete with wooden shutters and vulcan lifts. There are six headgates to the canal each four feet by seven feet, and three gates to the spill-way, each four feet by eight feet. The canal gates will deliver 450 cubic feet per second without pressure. The lower canal gates are made of concrete with steel shutters, which are fitted with western headgates, frames, and lifts. There are five gates, each five feet by five feet, and three gates to the spill-way, each four feet by four feet. The canal gates will deliver 300 cubic feet per second without pressure.

The lower canal and its laterals irrigate about 20,000 acres of Indian land between the Blackfoot river and Ross Fork creek. The two principal canals under the lower canal system are the lower canal proper and the lateral "E," the former is $10\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length, and the latter $14\frac{1}{2}$ miles. All of the structures except individual turn-outs are of concrete.

The upper canal carries water along the foot hills on the east side of the project, and syphons under Ross Fork creek. The syphon is 133 feet long and is composed of two rectangular barrels, each measuring four feet by seven feet six inches inside dimensions. The canal was designed to carry 430 second feet to irrigate 30,000 acres of land.

All structures on the portion of the project known as the upper canal have been constructed of concrete except individual turn-outs. These turn-outs are constructed by the individual land owners and are with few exceptions made of wood. A reinforced concrete syphon, 4,500 feet long and six and a half feet in diameter, was constructed from the main canal, passing under the Oregon Short Line track, and delivering 200 second feet of water to a high area lying south of the reservation which could not otherwise be watered.

The entire project consists of 56 miles of main canal, 110 miles of laterals, and 3.5 miles of drain ditches. There are seven concrete structures costing over \$2,000; there are 12 concrete structures costing between \$500 and \$2,000; there are 78 concrete structures costing from \$100 to \$500, and 79 wood structures costing less than \$100.

The project buildings consist of one office, five residences, one barn, one warehouse, one grainary and two wagon sheds. There is a $68\frac{1}{2}$ mile metallic circuit telephone line in connection with the project.

The organization consists of Mr. Richard J. Ward, supervisor of

ditches; Mr. Milton M. Thorne, clerk and disbursing agent; ditch riders, Messrs. Jess Martin, Alex. Vaughn, A. S. McDaniel, J. H. Hunter, Marion Clark, and Rom Kennedy; gate tenders, Messrs. J. B. Curtis, Ed. Hanks and William B. Granden; concrete foreman, Mr. S. P. Sorenson; ditch foremen, Messrs. Thomas Barnett and Leland Pope; and the respective ditch and concrete crews. In the spring and fall many additional teams, teamsters, and laborers are employed.

Considering the project has only been completed since 1912, the advancement in the number of acres of land under cultivation is quite remarkable. This year there were 14,863 acres actually under cultivation and 1,643 acres ploughed but not under cultivation. Next year it is expected that the 20,000 mark will be reached.

The ceded portion of the project which has in all 12,000 acres this year had 8,555 under cultivation. Of this crop there were 2,283 acres of alfalfa, 1,512 acres of wheat and 1,274 acres of oats. Beets have been raised on the ceded tract for the first time. There were 308 acres in all and a good yield was harvested. Next year it is thought that there will be at least 1,000 acres of beets.

Those residing on the ceded tract under this project have one of the best and most liberal water rights known in the country today and have received the same for the small amount of \$6 per acre. The soil is a Yakima loam, a gray to brownish friable loam from two to six feet deep, underlain by a gravelly loam, or by water worn gravel from one to four inches in diameter. In the lighter phases of the type the soil has a somewhat ashy appearance and feel, while the brownish and more loamy areas are found where irrigation has been practiced for a number of years. The soil is loose and easily tilled, and bakes very little on exposure after irrigation. The value of the land is from \$75 to \$200 per acre. The results on the ceded tract from a farming standpoint have not been a success taking the farming as a unit. Eighty per cent or more of the land on the ceded tract is farmed by renters. The owners of 95 per cent of the land are business men of Pocatello or surrounding country. These renters are in miserable circumstance financially and are after the crop rather than anything pertaining to the upkeep of the place rented. Seldom does the same renter appear on the same land more than one season. Little time is spent in putting the land into shape and constructing new ditches and cleaning out old ones, in order that the crop might be properly irrigated. In many and most instances the individuals are farming more than they can handle. Crop rotation is neglected and the up-keep of the majority of the farms is miserable. The farmers have no idea of the duty of water. Some are using as high as six acre feet of water per season and ruining a crop that otherwise would have been a tremendously large one. The improvements on the ceded tract in the way of additional roads, telephone service, new homes, Sunday and pub-

lic schools, a beet dump, and a rural free deliver route from Pocatello are worthy of special mention.

On the reservation the Indians are progressing in the art of farming, possibly not so fast as their white neighbors, but each year shows a gradual increase. There are in all 1,794 Indians on the reservation, 914 males and 880 females. This population represents 435 families; some have fine homes, there being 140 houses and 87 stables on the reservation. This does not include tents, etc. There are 315 Indian farmers on the reservation farming 7,998 acres of land. This land produced 71,700 bushels of wheat; 49,630 bushels of oats; 5,495 bushels of barley; 19,800 bushels of potatoes; 8,000 bushels of vegetables; and 7,764 tons of alfalfa. In addition to this amount might be added 5,400 tons of wild hay put up on the Fort Hall bottoms by the Indians.

Five farmers on the reservation had under cultivation 100 acres or more. These were Ralph Dixey, 185 acres; Oliver Teton, 116 acres; Hyrum Faulkner, 100 acres; John Ballard, 100 acres; and Earl Wildcat, 106 acres. The Indians have 5,158 head of cattle, 5,825 head of horses, 484 pigs, 3,607 chickens. At the recent fall cattle sale \$34,000 worth of beef cattle was sold. Of this amount Big Jimmie received \$5,418.34; Ralph Dixey, \$2,960.15; James Broncho, \$1,852.05; Charley Diggie, \$1,503.74; Joe Thorpe, \$1,033.95; Jones Johnson, \$898.01; Tom Cosgrove, \$847.68; Young Hamey, \$725.38; Alex Watson, 777.98; Tom Osborn, \$658.59; Earl Wildcat, \$652.42; Beets Lipps, \$539.45; and Oliver Teton, \$529.07. The tribal herd on the reservation is 730 head.

There is at present 2,298 acres of irrigable land and 9,769 acres of dry farm land leased on the reservation. Mr. Peter Hatmaker, who has under cultivation 160 acres of leased irrigable land got the following yield this year: Oats, 60 bushels to the acre; wheat, 42½ bushels to the acre; beets, 15 tons to the acre, and potatoes 100 sacks to the acre. Mr. Roy Zarring had in 950 acres of turkey red wheat which produced 21,850 bushels, or an average of 23 bushels to the acre.

Mr. Horton H. Miller, superintendent, is very desirous of leasing both irrigable and dry farm land. These leases can be made for little or no cash consideration; the object being to get the land in a state of cultivation. Many irrigable land lessees can be seen about Fort Hall, the results which these men are getting speaks favorably to all who desire to lease land under the project. It is thought that between the present time and spring at least 2,000 acres of irrigable land will have been leased.

SCENES AROUND HISTORIC CARLISLE



LeTorte's Spring, near Benny's Brook.—Site of Shawnee Village, at Big Beaver Pond.



Looking out of the Cave, which once might have been an Underground Passage of LeTorte's Spring.
Notice Indian Head in Rock.

SCENES AROUND HISTORIC CARLISLE



The Road to North Mountain.—The Depression in the Mountain is "Croghan's Gap," Now Sterrett's Gap.



Gap in South Mountain through which the Confederate Army Passed to Gettysburg After Leaving Carlisle.—An Old Indian Trail.



Ute Fiesta in Garden of the Gods:

By Howard C. Kegley in the Overland Monthly.



AMONG the historic fiestas of the West to-day, the Shan Kive annually held in Colorado's far-famed Garden of the Gods holds well deserved prominence.

Shan Kive week is a great event for the white settlers of Colorado, but it is a greater epoch in the life of the Ute Indian, for during the week of the fiesta he is taken from his reservation at Ignacio, transported to Colorado Springs and permitted to mingle with his tawny brothers in tribal dances at

the Sacred Springs of Manitou.

Shan Kive is an Indian term which designates the carnival time of all nations. The fiesta originated four years ago, and in four successive jumps it has leaped well to the fore-front among the great and popular jubilations of the West. It is the spontaneous outburst of glorious, healthy life in the Pike's Peak region, and the one event of the year in which rich and poor, aristocrat and plebeian, mingle on a common level and with one purpose in the court of King Carnival.

Each year the Utes and whites join in celebrating at the Shan Kive some event which had to do with the history of the State. Two years ago they united in dedicating the Ute Trail, which is the oldest Indian highway in America. The celebration brought to Manitou several hundred famous pioneers and scouts, who spent the week as guests of the Shan Kive committee. Last year the Indians and cowboys' erected a tablet in Colorado Springs' beautiful Cascade avenue to mark the spot where the last great massacre of whites by Indians took place on September 3, 1868. The fiesta closed with a mixed Marathon race up Pike's Peak, both Indians and whites participating. Broncho busting and all of the varied kinds of Wild West performances common to the Frontier Day's celebration at Cheyenne, and the round-up at Pendleton are featured at the Shan Kive. The performances are "pulled off" in the Garden of the Gods, and when the weather is favorable, as it usually is, the vast throng of spectators turns the hillsides into amphitheatre seat-


ing sections. During the frontier performances, the red rocks of the Garden of the Gods are usually hidden by spectators, for fifty thousand people visit the Shan Kive each day while it is in progress.

The rapidly disappearing Ute Indians fit appropriately into the Shan Kive plans, for the reason that they have witnessed every epoch in the history of Colorado. The Utes, as far back as history dates, held the region around the Garden of the Gods—and held it sacred because of its health giving soda springs. Game abounded in the region, and the white settlers were welcome to as much of it as they cared for, because the Utes were very friendly to the whites, but life for the Utes was one never-ending battle against the Arapahoes, Cheyennes or Plain Indians, who constantly sought to drive out the Ute and gain possession of the Sacred Soda Springs and the happy hunting grounds of the Pike's Peak country. As a manifestation of their friendliness towards the whites, one hundred Ute braves annually muster at the Shan Kive and indulge in their tribal dances of peace.

"Of all the Indians of the great West," remarks an old scout who has lived among them long enough to know their habits and customs, "none have been more difficult to understand than the Utes. Everything they do or attempt to do of a personal nature is kept a secret among themselves. They would not permit an outsider to learn anything about their personal characteristics if they could possibly help it.

"A Ute would not willingly tell his name or that of any member of his family, nor would he mention the price placed upon one of his daughters when she was to become the wife of one of the tribe. Such an item of importance concerns the father and husband alone. Everything a Ute does seems to be surrounded with mystery, and for that reason less is known of it than any other Indian tribe in the West to-day. Before they were placed upon the reservation at Ignacio the Utes had one peculiarity which was unlike any other nation or tribe, namely, the great secrecy they observed in conducting their funeral ceremonies. No white person, so far as I am able to learn, ever witnessed the funeral of a Ute. Whenever one of them died the corpse mysteriously vanished.

"Whether even they themselves generally knew the resting place of their dead is a question that would be difficult to decide. It is believed that the bodies of their dead use to be removed during the night and buried in caves; though this is merely a surmise. It is the opinion of many that the Utes used to bury their dead relatives in deep holes in the ground, after nightfall, carefully covering the graves so as to leave no trace of the burial places. The men wore their hair long, and sometimes braided it into queues, while the squaws cut theirs short. The Utes never did paint their features like other Indians have done. The men wore breechcloths and moccasins, and threw buffalo robes around their bodies to protect them from the chilling winds of winter."



TRUTH is our element of life, yet if a man fasten his attention on a single aspect of truth, and apply himself to that alone for a long time, the truth becomes distorted and not itself, but falsehood; herein resembling the air, which is our natural element, and the breath of our nostrils, but if a stream of the same be directed on the body for a time, it causes colds, fever, and even death. How wearisome the grammarian, the phrenologist, the political or religious fanatic, or indeed any possessed mortal whose balance is lost by the exaggeration of a single topic. It is incipient insanity. Every thought is a prison also. I cannot see what you see, because I am caught up by a strong wind, and blown so far in one direction that I am out of the hoop of your horizon.

ELBERT HUBBARD





THERE are three
things it takes a
strong man to hold—
a young warrior, a
wild horse, and a
handsome squaw.

INDIAN PROVERB

